

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No 303

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: FEBRUARY 12, 1916.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY

A Ballad.

The biggest man in creation?
It was Joseph the Nazarene.
Joe, the Yiddisher "carpenter stiff,"
The husband o' Heaven's Queen!
Joe, that was smitten o' Mary,
Joe, that was game as grit—
When she came weepin' to his arms,
Needin' a father for it.

Joe was as right as the compass,
Joe was as square as the square.
He knew men's ways with women,
An' Mary was passin' fair!
Passin' pretty an' helpless,
She that he loved th' most.
God knows what he told th' neighbors,
But he knew it warn't no Ghost.

He tuk th' tale as she told it,
An' never th' bat of an eye,
E'en tho' th' "cart" was breakin'
Under the load of the lie—
Steady an' game an' tender,
When she needed a strong man's care,
An' then he saddled th' ol' jackass,
An' took 'er away from there.

Took 'er away from th' neighbors,
That spoke o' th' fit of 'er gown,
Took 'er away from th' gossips,
That made 'er th' talk o' the town,
Comforted, soothed and coddled,
Just as he might ha' done,
If it that was heavy within 'er,
Was Joseph's, the Carpenter's son.

Joe, he was silent an' tender,
Joe, he was game as grit,
But I'll bet when he walked by Mary,
To have been the father of it,
He'd a give all his 'opes of heaven,
He'd a shot like a bat into 'ell,
The minute he knew for certain,
That mother and child was well.

Patience surpassin' th' mountains,
Kindness shamin' the rain,
When th' sickness came upon her,
An' she cursed 'im in 'er pain,
So he came to the manger,
With Mary makin' 'er moan,
An' 'e 'old 'er and while she labored,
With a child that wa'n't his own.

He looked at th' brat in pity,
An' 'e held it up to his breast,
That ached with an awful feeling,
That Mary never guessed,
And 'im an' th' brat they 'it it,

"Can't yer see 'im standin' there in th' shop lookin' at
th' brat like 'is eyes wid out 'im up? Can't yer see
th' tenderness when 'e'd show 'im th' 'low o' th' hammer
an' saw? Can't yer see 'im just lookin' at 'im, and
lookin' at 'im, an' 'a-oon over an' puttin' 'is arms
around 'im an' sayin' 'isself underneath 'is breath:
'Yer mine, God damn it, 'er mine any'ow!' An' can't
yer 'ear th' brat lookin' up, an' sayin', 'Daddy? Yes,
'im an' th' brat, they 'it it."

An' after th' years had run,
Folks tho't no more o' th' gossip,
But called 'im the Carpenter's Son.
"WILLIAMS"
From "The Masses."

The Passing Show.

Many good folk fear everything, from
a draft of fresh air to a new idea.

Warlords fear international peace, and
hate all who propagate it.

The surprise of the war has been the
depth of human ignorance it has disclosed.

Is it not surprising that millions should
readily feed themselves to the powder
and guns of profit?

After twenty centuries of Christian
civilisation, we have wholesale murder,
cant, hate, and greed.

It is time to take stock of both Chris-
tianity and civilisation.

Socialism bids men abandon their in-
human customs, and throw off their
slaveries.

History has no parallel for the average
newspaper reader. He can swallow both
Jonah and the whale.

Deceit is the real corner stone of capi-
talist civilisation.

Millions now fighting each other have
no financial interest in the explosion of
tons of powder and the destruction of
battleships. A few who are not fighting
have.

Women and war babies are of increas-



Expressions of a Wowser When—

- (1) He hears of a Strike. (2) He prays for victory for the Allies. (3) He draws dividends from the Armament Trust.

ing importance in all belligerent countries.
Capitalist governments depend for their
perpetuation and extension upon fruitful
and obedient women.

Given millions of docile women to breed
armies, with cunning priests to extol
fruitfulness, and Kaisers, Kings and
Krupps will flourish forever.

Replying to a comment on the great
number of men killed in one of the Franco-
Prussian battles, Bismarck with a shrug
of the shoulder, said, "Oh, well, we will
have another crop in twenty years."

Chidley, harmless and humane, has
again been seized by the authorities and
interned as insane. Chidley deals with
sex problems, and no subject is more
tabooed by the authorities than that of
sex. Crops of ignorant men are wanted
every twenty years or so.

"While we so waste and degrade human
life that the residuum of unemployables
runs into millions, the less said about the
horrors of making a man a soldier the bet-
ter. Our industrial chaos murders more
souls in a year of political peace than any
military system murders men in war"—
George Bernard Shaw.

What is it that is driving the hordes
to war? This is a question that confronts
every thoughtful mind. Emotion seems to
play an important part—mob psychology.
Anger and hate are fanned into flame by
profits, palaver about patriotism and the
atrocities committed by despicable foes.

Humanity is like a handful of putty,
moulded by strong hands. It is being
moulded by, and for, the hands of Greed.

Joe Cook demands economy. Well, our
millionaires are costing too much, let us
start there.

Socialism is the chick in the shell of
capitalism. You can hear it tapping to
break out.

There is plenty of commonsense in the
world, but it is not allowed to operate.
It is rigorously censored.

The ruling factions in belligerent coun-
tries are frantically appealing to the work-
ers to defend their "homes" and "liber-
ties." Not one in a thousand owns his
home or has any liberty under conscription.
The irony of it!

Andy Fisher has arrived in London. The
King and the "Old Nobility" are sliming
him profusely.

If you want to know who are your real
enemies, read what the daily papers are
saying about the Broken Hill strikers.

In the Peruvian State, according to
Buckle, "the personal labor of the masses
was placed under the entire command of
the State, where laws were contrived by
which, even in the most minute matters,
freedom of action was controlled. The
people were so completely shackled that
they could neither change their residence,
nor alter their clothes, without permission
of the governing powers. To each man the
law prescribed the trade he was to follow,
the dress he was to wear, the wife he

was to marry, and the amusements he was
to enjoy."

This is what our rulers aim at when
they adopt the passport system and sneak
in conscription. When this fact is grasped
the workers will be less inclined to be
dragooned by Lib-Lab governments, and
more ready to strike a blow at the vested
interests that control them.

"There are men in high places to whom
in times of peace we pay high salaries—
hoping thereby, though the hope may not
always be justified, to obtain the best
brains for the Government of the country.
We pay most of the Cabinet Ministers
£5000 a year, and our Lord Chancellor
£10,000 a year. Surely these rulers, patri-
otic as we know them to be, could exist
on half the salaries that they are now
getting. Then we have three retired Lord
Chancellors receiving £5000 a year each
for having been Lord Chancellors at a
princely wage and a certain number of ex-
Cabinet Ministers who are pensioned in
proportion. Cannot they be convinced of
the need for an example of self-denial for
their country's sake? Again, there are
Law Officers of the Crown, whose salaries
and fees together make even a Lord Chan-
cellor look poor. Have they nothing to
render back to the country which has paid
them so lavishly in time of peace?"—Lon-
don "Evening News."

The above candid criticism of the rul-
ing faction of Britain and plea for an ex-
ample of "self-denial," was followed by
this prize press pearl: "Those who need
that example most, because they think the
least, are the artisans and laborers, whose
wages have enormously increased on ac-
count of the war."

The Czar has graciously granted
amnesty to 100,000 political prisoners who
now have the privilege of going to the
front to fight for their liberties and, pos-
sibly, be shot.

From a list of proprietors of the Bank
of New South Wales, we gather that there
are 119 Reverend gents, who are hoarding
up "treasures on earth" in defiance of
their Master's command.

Britain is being gradually and effective-
ly Prussianised. There is little doubt on
that score. Free speech is but a memory.
The Labour press has been raided. I.L.P.
pamphlets have been burned by order of
the modern Star Chamber. The Defence
of the Realm Act has superseded the
Habeas Corpus. The Munitions Act has
struck at the very heart of our industrial
liberties, and food and shipping sharks
have a free hand to plunder the British
people. "Compulsory voluntarism," or
Derbyism, has been introduced, and legal-
ised conscription is on the active list of
possibilities. Yet our Trade Union lead-
ers, with very few exceptions, have noth-
ing to say. The stalwarts of our Labour
Party make no protest. Their voices are
heard only on recruiting platforms. Alto-
gether it is one of the most pathetic spec-
tacles in history.—"Labor Leader."

Dr. Karl Liebknecht, who represents
within the German party, the minority
which takes the same anti-war attitude as
does the A.S.P. in Australia, recently
tabled ten questions for the German Chan-

cellor to answer. Three of these questions
were censored by the President of the
Reichstag, but the seven which have been
published indicate the courageous attitude
he is adopting. He wishes to know:

(1) Whether the Government is pre-
pared at once to enter upon peace nego-
tiations on the basis of renunciation of all
annexation of territory.

(2) Whether the Government will lay
before the nation the official documents
relating to the secret negotiations which
preceded the declaration of war, and at
the same time create a Parliamentary
Commission for the examination of these
documents.

(3) Whether the Government will pub-
lish a history of the German entry into
Luxemburg and Belgium.

(4) Whether the Government is pre-
pared to abandon secret diplomacy in
favour of permanent public control of
foreign policy and to submit every de-
cision on questions of war and peace to
the delegates of the people.

(5) Whether the Government will check
the economic distress of the masses of the
population by dealing with the profit craze
of the capitalist groups which are exploit-
ing the vital necessities of the nation.

(6) Whether the Government will begin
in the course of the present session the
reorganisation of international policy.

(7) Whether the Chancellor will explain
the meaning of the expression "new in-
ternational political orientation" recently used
by him.

In these hard times, when nearly every-
body is feeling the financial pinch, more-
over, it is cheering to learn that the Rev.
Joseph Hill, of Herefordshire, left £24,943
when he died recently. Rev. A. Jackson,
of Northfleet, also left £23,601; Rev. C. D.
Powell, of Nottingham, left £4,381; and
the Rev. J. B. Forster, of Manuden, Es-
sex, £21,398. When, however, we recollect
that according to their Master the rich
are to go where red-hot pokers and hot
ovens abound, we pity these gentry for
having gathered so much gear together.

"We have nothing to say just here
about the merits of the dispute between
the Barrier miners and the mining com-
panies. The latter are realising 'war
price' for lead, which is 50 per cent. over
the ordinary boom price, and for spelter
they are revelling in a rise of two or three
hundred per cent."—"S.M. Herald."

Other people will doubtless have much
to say "just here."

The miners of Broken Hill are being at-
tacked by the press and the politicians of
the old parties for "disloyalty to the Em-
pire," in holding up the supply of spelter
and lead for munitions. The attack is
pure bunc, as may be seen from the fact
that four of the biggest mines on the Hill
have been kept idle since the beginning of
the war, so that the market could not be
glutted enough to bring prices and profits
down. For many weeks after the war
commenced all the companies worked their
men half-time until prices went up. Now,
when they are reaping a harvest of profit,
they pretend that if the men don't work
the Saturday afternoon shift, the supply
of munitions will be restricted and the
Empire endangered. The owners are so
"patriotic" that they are determined that
if the men will not work the Saturday
afternoon shift, they will not be allowed
to work the other five days of the week.

Fodder For Cannon

BODIES glad, erect,
Beautiful with youth,
Life's elect,
Nature's truth,
Marching host on host,
Those bright, unblemished ones,
Manhood's boast,
Feed them to the guns.

Hearts and brains that teem
With blessing for the race.
Thought and dream,
Vision, grace,
Oh, love's best and most,
Bridegrooms, brothers, sons,
Hosts on host,
Feed them to the guns.

Katherine Lee Bates.

The International Socialist

Journal of Revolutionary Socialism and Industrial Unionism.

Owned and controlled by the International Socialists.

Subscription: Australia, 4s per year, 1s per quarter. Postage added to other countries.

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Truth for ever on the scaffold. Wrong for ever on the throne.—Whitman.

The Rebel's Library.

"A Fool's Talk."

"To the Fools of the World I dedicate this little volume," says Mr. H. E. Boote, in a foreword to his recently published book, "A Fool's Talk."

At first it seems a curious dedication, but before we get through the author's foreword we are made aware of the fact that the Fools to whom the book is dedicated are not ordinary Fools. They are very simple Fools, with unprofitable beliefs and unbusinesslike methods. They persist in peering below the surface of things, in waging war upon the wisdom of the Wiseacres—"on that false wisdom which has stifled the natural kindness of human nature, and inculcated the hateful gospel of strife."

These peculiar Fools are few, consequently Mr. Boote has little hope of securing a wide circulation. Their purses, he says, "are apt to be lean," and their influence "is not of the sort that commands success." Yet he loves these Fools, for their simplicity, their faith, and their unworldliness help to "beat back the sinister shadows that are known as civilisation, and illumine existence with an innocence infinitely more enlightening than all the erudition of the schools."

ALL FOOLS' COLLEGE.

After dedicating his book "To the Fools of the World," the author proceeds to describe the typical fool of "All Fools' College." He says:

Once upon a time there lived a man who had a habit of looking below the Surface-of-things. It was a very embarrassing habit for many of the people around him. Their whole existence was based on the assumption that no one would ever be so rude, but that everyone would go on accepting the Surface-of-things without question, and never dream of hinting that there was, or ever could be, something underneath it of tremendous importance to the world.

Not unnaturally they were exceedingly angry with this man. It is hateful to have one's lifelong convictions disturbed, turned upside down, shaken, probed, dissected, and shown to be suffering from a constitutional infirmity.

Who is there that likes to have his most cherished opinions exposed as brainless prejudices? Who is there that will not resent the stripping of his faiths to the naked skin, so that they are seen to be gross-bodied superstitions, with nothing pleasing about them but their clothes?

The man of whom I am telling you was known as the Thinker, and so outrageous did his habit of poking below the Surface-of-things become that at last it was quite sufficient, wherever men were gathered together, to cry, "Look out, here comes the Thinker!" to throw the whole assemblage into a state of wrathful commotion.

According to this disturber of the peace, nothing was as it seemed to be. Appearances were only veils, behind which the truth was hidden, like the Princess in the story, who wouldn't speak.

The earth was not flat, but round. It was not supported on the back of a tortoise, neither was it upheld on pillars, but it floated in space more easily than a feather floats in air.

When the world's wiseacres heard the Thinker talk in this strain, they waved their whiskers furiously, and their bald pates gleamed with rage.

They climbed hastily onto their magisterial benches. They flung themselves into their academic chairs. They rushed up the steps of their dogmatic pulpits. And from these various vantage grounds they cursed the Thinker lustily.

He was a rebel against authority, they said. He was a blasphemer against God, they said. He was an enemy of Society, a violator of morals, a preacher of seditious doctrines; and whatever he was at large the altar, the hearth, and the throne could not be deemed safe.

When he went further, and declared that the sun did not move from east to west, but that the earth spun on its axis towards the sun, and at the same time swept round that central luminary in an orbit of prodigious girth, and when he added that the sun was not a disc of white-hot iron, a few yards across, but a mass of incandescent vapor so large that to drop the earth into it would be like tossing a peanut into a furnace, then the world's wiseacres raved and roared, and their curses withered the grass for miles around.

What to do with the Thinker they didn't know. They would have killed him with the utmost cordiality if they could, but they couldn't.

On numerous occasions they had put him to death, or believed they had; but to their amazement and dismay, he always turned up again somewhere else, as good as new.

What's the use of chopping off a hated head, if you are sure to meet it coming down the street next day on another pair of shoulders, not a bit the worse for wear?

What's the use of burying it at the cross-roads at midnight if it can be depended on to pop up in another spot, looking the picture of health, just as you are executing a dance of triumph upon its grave?

It was no use killing the Thinker, but what else to do with him they had no notion, so they went on killing him over and over again; and he, on his part, kept their whiskers in a continual state of agitation by coming to life again as often as he was killed, and making further shocking disclosures as to what he saw at the back of the Surface-of-things.

"The Law," he said, "is a contrivance for punishing little thieves and protecting big ones."

"The Industrial System," he said, "is an institution to enable those who don't work to live on those who do."

"Virtue," he said, "is an invention to keep the poor quiet while Vice rules them."

He went about the country saying these things, and wherever he appeared and spoke the people mobbed him.

They pelted him with vile missiles. They seized him and beat him with sticks. They handed him over to the wiseacres for trial. They made a picnic of his execution, and swilled beer and gulped sandwiches while the headman sharpened his axe.

Such was his passion for peering below the Surface-of-things, and revealing what he beheld there, that even on the scaffold he could not restrain himself.

Asked if he had aught to say, the Thinker would reply: "Yes, I have much to say." And, turning to the vast multitude, thirsting to mingle his blood with their beer, he would exclaim:

"Brothers and sisters, you are being deluded. Things are not what they seem. You are slaves who have been duped by the forms of freedom. Nothing is what you have been taught to believe it. The Law is just a cunning dodge to hold you in subjection to those who make the Law. The Industrial System is robbery, disguised to look like a dispensation of Providence. Virtue is that inculcated quality in you which your rulers praise in public and spit upon when there is no one looking."

He was rarely permitted to get any further than that. A howl of fury would arise from the populace; the wiseacres would make a sign; the headman's assistants, springing upon him, would perform their abominable task . . . a gleam of steel . . . a swishing sound . . . and, for the God-knows-how-manyeth time, the head of the Thinker would drop into a bloody basket.

After ages of this kind of thing the

War and the Pretexs For It.

In such a time as the present, when the rattle of blood-stained steel and the screech of shell blending with the wail of sentimental hysteria drowns the voice of people who act according to common sense, on an occasion when Christians, scientists and pseudo-Socialists make mockery of their ideals and principles by believing these can be sustained by the bayonets of people drunk to the point of imbecility on nationalism, it is interesting to examine the conditions, excuses and pretexs the forces driving the heavy desolate wings of war, producing a breath of hell, spreading the cannon's feast of flesh, lading the air with pestilence and smell and, the illusion of righteousness, the cackle and twaddle about the preservation of civilisation as a justification of the present carnage is absurd. When we realise that the war has spread itself over Asia Minor, amongst people and nations that have been in a state of stagnation for 2,000 (two thousand) years, where people have lived and died in the same old way for generations, minus sanitation or education, polygamy, crude fanaticism, filth, poverty and centuries of encrusted precedent has been their atmosphere, how can civilisation be preserved here in such a place, where it has never existed?

Most of our present woes are said by some to have originated somewhere in these lands. In the garden of Eden, a young married woman named Eve became so unduly familiar with a snake that God Almighty grew wrathful (and possibly jealous of the snake), and for spite, sent the world rolling on its wicked way. The diplomats of to-day have quarrelled, and for revenge, have plunged millions of innocent people into misery—how God-like.

Cain, the father of murderers, killed his brother in this locality, and, we are led to believe, was ostracised from human society for so doing. He was only a tame proposition, with his bear-skin shirt and stone axe, a mere stage villain compared to his modern relative now sporting in Eden with a machine gun or magazine rifle, and the magnitude of whose killing will measure the amount of praise served

Thinker got tired of being killed, so one day he retired to a quiet place and thought the matter out. He thought for a long time, and finally burst out laughing. "I've got it," he cried, "reveal the truth, and tell them it's the latest joke!"

He dressed himself in a suit of motley, he clapped on his head a cap that mocked the cap of Liberty, and in his hand he carried a stick of jingling bells, with a bladder on a string at the end. He went about saying the same things that he used to say, but he was no longer persecuted for it. The wiseacres were completely taken in, and the headman, who had previously made a good living chopping at his neck, was now flung into the ranks of the unemployed.

"Come, list to me, good folks," the Thinker would exclaim, "I have a most exquisite joke to tell you. The best you have ever heard." And he would proceed to make them laugh at the law and the social system generally.

It was after one of these meetings that the Thinker said to himself:

"Because they live in a world that has invested falsehood with solemnity, it is easy to persuade the people that Truth is a jest."

"Yet, even so, though they accept it as a rib tickler, and not as a brain stimulant, such is the power of truth that, once admitted within their doors it must impress them. It will enter as a clown, to remain as a conqueror."

"Therefore, I will found a school for the propagation of Truth amongst the people in this manner. They shall be enlightened with laughter, and justice shall be won with a joke."

A school at "All Fools' College" was founded and Mr. Boote makes the Thinker, as the Master Fool, discourse on men and things throughout the most charming and delightfully humorous book yet published in Australia. Every Socialist will enjoy Mr. Boote's dissection of the present system. Every poetical, philosophical, or scientific mind will find delight in its pages. The lover of nature will read conversations between the Fool and the trees and animals of the forest, and will realise how true it is that there are "sermons in stones and music in running brooks."

The book cannot be described either as parable, fiction, or essay writing. It is a skilful blend of literary workmanship, wonderfully phrased, and beautifully and artistically turned out by the "Worker" Trustees, of Sydney.

out by the defilers of Cain—the parsons and churches.

What difference of opinion can the belligerent masses of both sides have, when the majority have never met each other of the opposite side. Imagine an Australian, Englishman or Frenchman holding a conversation with a German, Turk or citizen of Baghdad, each speaking the only language he knows—his native tongue. They have not met, have had no quarrel, then how can they be enemies? Governments on each side have made the fight; they alone know the details of the dispute, and they are not doing the actual fighting. Two men have started a brawl; two other persons, utter strangers to each other and the disputants, knowing nothing of the dispute, brutally assail one another in a public street. The public who condemn the lust as an act of madness praise the same thing when it takes place on a battlefield as something noble and quite sane.

If we must die to retain our freedom, and if the Union Jack stands for absolute freedom, how can I enjoy that freedom if blown to pieces hundreds of miles away from where the Union Jack flies? One cares as little for the existence or non-existence of freedom, when one is dead as we do of the means and locality of the deprivation of liberty when alive. If the voice is silenced and cannot express the mind, of what consequence how we are gagged, and by whom, to be silenced by a Defence of the Realm Act. A War Precautions Act, or machinery operated from the Reichstag, House of Commons, or Representatives, is of as little importance to the lovers of liberty as the person and place from whence the quietus is operated. Be it Petrograd, Berlin, Westminster or Spring St., whether it is done by Kaiser Bill, Lloyd George, Andy Fisher, Billy Hughes or Pearce will have as little influence in lessening the burden of the persecution as the temperament or physique of the despoilers of free speech.

Melbourne recruiting agents have been wailing about the low wages and food conditions of the German workers, who receive 3s. to 4s. per day, whereas the Australian worker is the recipient of 8s. and 9s. a day. German conquest means low wages, therefore, the working class must fight against the possibility of Teutonic inroad of their conditions of work. Nought is ever mentioned by these crude economists of the bitter fight incessantly waged to maintain or increase the standard of subsistence, the woe and misery of strikes victimisation that are just as prolific as in Germany or any other country where machine production holds sway.

The workers' standard of existence does not rest upon the number of coins received in the pay envelope, but upon the quantity and quality of food, clothing and shelter. Germans may have a liking for lager beer instead of stout, sausage instead of stew, sauerkraut in preference to jam, but the law that governs their wages is precisely the same as the stalwarts of jam and mutton—the Australians. German conquest does not mean German food. An English conquest of Germany means the transformation of the likes and dislikes of the German palate. Not even the boasted greatness of the Union Jack, or the verbosity of the Kaiser can make people eat what they don't want to eat. If German housewives can rear a strong, healthy race of people on 3s. a day, if I can purchase in Germany for 6d. the equivalent of what I pay 1s. for in Australia, the difference between the German workers and the Australian is, that the latter has the trouble of carrying double the amount of bullion to purchase the same amount of goods.

The cables are daily relating and praising the efficiency of women in the munition factories in England; cases are quoted where some works are run entirely by women. In the factories of Melbourne the number of females employed is gradually on the increase, not on account of the chivalry of the factory owners, but because women labour is cheap, and modern machine production requires but a minimum of labor utilised, because the machine has not the power to think. Send the male workers to the trenches, and women will be taken into the factories in large numbers to carry on production. When the male members return from the front [with whole skins they'll have to compete against a cheap army of efficient woman workers for a job. If our standard of subsistence is going to be lowered does it matter by what agency, German rule or our mothers, sisters and wives?

The Labor Government—Pearce, Fisher, Hughes and Coy.—are doing their best to denude the country of its manhood, except a chosen few and the aged, gulling 300,000 men to resist the invasion by an enemy separated by 10,000 miles of water, with its means of transportation destroyed, or bottled up in the Baltic Sea. A crowd of scoundrels, who, a few days ago, started to build a navy and boy army under the plea that a trained army was necessary to resist invasion; who led the

people to believe that such arms would not be used outside Australia, and then pledged the use of the self same army to the British Government to be used for the defence of any part of the Empire; a crafty crew who told lurid lies and created phantoms about the yellow peril and the danger of a Japanese invasion, which, if a menace yesterday, is a bigger menace to-day, for an invasion is easier if the defenders are numerically small, than when they are large.

Modern conquests of arms have had little or no bearing upon the standard of subsistence, art, culture and commerce, for such things are governed by different laws, and war has as little permanent effect upon them as it has upon Helio-centric Theory or the course of the stars through the heavens.

It seems to be the law of history that a country low in culture and industrial development, on conquering a nation of a higher standard, foregoes its lack of efficiency and assumes the more modern order of things of its victim. In the early dawn of history, merging from the shadows of antiquity, Philip with a horde of savages, conquered the peoples of Mesopotamia, Persia, Egypt and India, but the art and science of the conquered was adopted by, and transformed the conquerors into an enlightened people, who bowed to the uncouth Roman tribes by the weight of the sword, but whose culture survived and elevated the Romans. Achille Leria has clearly demonstrated the influence of Roman laws and customs upon the conquerors of Rome—the Goths and Huns. Christian crusaders returned home from the Holy Wars, their swords wet with the blood of the Saracen, and their minds soaked with his science and art. And, as of middle ages, so of to-day. One of the chief causes of the war is the commercial rivalry between the allied nations and the central powers. Politicians, editors and scientists are talking of the stodginess of British manufacturers who have been outclassed by the superior organisation and science of the Germans in production, and, apart from whether the Allies lose or win the clash of arms, the thoroughness of the Teuton will not be altered, and if Britain wishes to survive as a commercial nation, like all others, she'll have to adopt German methodical production. Scientists of Britain already realise and are agitating for it, and the professors of the Melbourne University are re-echoing the cry in this country. Whilst these men are telling us the war must be decided in the laboratory, they are calling for conscription of life, sanctioning blocking the wheels of progress and international science with piles of human flesh.

If an excuse can be found to introduce an excise for the duration of the war an excuse can be found for its retention after the war.

The gushings of the lip loyalists about the crushing of German militarism by the victory of the Allies is a delusion, tolerable of lunatics and children, for the crushing of Germany by the Allies, or the crushing of the Allies by Germany, means that generations now unborn will one day be taught the gospel of hate against their victors, as even now the children in the State schools are having their minds warped against Germany. The death of Miss Cavell, they are told, must be avenged. Children so taught will be prepared to accept militarism, and it will only take the blare of trumpets and a few newspaper headlines to precipitate a war in the future, even more bloody and brutal than the present war, if either side should be victorious, is not one of liberation, but contains the potentialities of military slavery for posterity—a terrible heritage.

As the inquiring hand brushes back the froth, beautiful in color, that mantles the ocean of lies and illusions on which humanity is floating to death, the conclusion is formed that wars are made by scoundrels and fought by fools. Scoundrels for whom you could fight to-day, and who would shoot you down to-morrow. And the true patriot is he who would die on the barricade in the interest of truth, but refuses to spill a drop of blood in the interest of capitalism.

WOODICUS.

The following is taken from "Melbourne Herald," 28/1/16.

LIBRARY BANS GERMAN BOOKS.

At a meeting held of members of the North Melbourne Free Library and Mechanics' Institute last night, it was unanimously resolved not to procure any more books by German authors and to withdraw those in the library from publication.

If some of the people of Australia are not mad then they are very near the borderline. When the writer read the above in the saintly "Herald" he rubbed his eyes, in fact, he thought he had the D.T.'s, and he immediately left home to look up Archbishop Clarke or Mannix in order that he might swear off strong drink; but on his way, just to make sure

Admiral Beatty and "Purpose" in the War.

By cable we are told that rich, handsome and dashing Admiral Beatty has publicly said: "Surely God does not intend this war to be a blood-drunken orgy. There must be a purpose in it. An improvement must be the outcome. France has shown the way with a wonderful revival of religion. Similarly Russia; but England remains to come out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition steeped her. Until stirred out of this condition, and a religious revival occurs, just so long will the war continue. When she looks into the future with humbler eyes and prayer on her lips, we can begin to count the days towards the end."

So far as religion is concerned this pronouncement by the Byronesque-looking Admiral Beatty will probably do more to help the British churches than any other since war began. The most fundamental belief (an utterly false one, I think) of religion is that there is some universal or ultimate "purpose" operating through nature—that the universe is evolving to some goal owing to some "purpose" operating universally. This idea of "purpose" is the fundamental or starting arbitrary and false assumption of religion; it is the idea on which religion founds. The atheist believing in a "purpose," next arbitrarily assumes a "God," next arbitrarily that "purpose," "God" is necessarily anthropomorphic because man cannot think higher than himself. Man knows of no existing entity with more intellectual power than himself—he cannot imagine a higher "purpose" than his own highest. Many atheists believe that there is some universal "purpose," although such a belief is based, neither more nor less than the belief in "God," upon an arbitrary and completely unwarranted assumption. The belief in "God," however, leads to more obviously absurd conclusions and general illogical philosophic muddledness than does the belief in "purpose." But the philosophic troubles are just as great if "purpose" is assumed, although not so obvious.

Man asks his eternal question: "Why?" "Why does the universe exist?—Why do I exist?—Why does anything exist?" No answer has ever been found or ever will be found because there is no "Why?"—there is no universal "purpose." It is only man's anthropomorphic or teleologic bias

that makes him think that there must be or is a "purpose"—that there can be an answer to his "Why?" which question in itself carries the false implication that an answer—a "purpose"—is possible. Man is a conceited ass; he thinks his "purpose" is in life, although he is much longer dead than alive; the great majority of him is dead and the majority is always increasing; the universe could and would, and will, as it once did, exist without him. He is but an incalculably small part of it, but he struts about thinking that such a part as he is greater than the whole.

The human intellect probably reaches its greatest heights in abstract thinking, but it is just there where the sublime and the ridiculous meet to become indistinguishable from one another. So, very human Admiral Beatty reaches the height and with conflicting emotion, does not know what to make of this war. In effect, he cries out: "Where is this purpose that I have always believed in? What does God, whom I have always believed in too, mean by it?" No answer comes. The universe, whirling on sublimely indifferent to man and his temporary expedients which he calls his purposes. The usually debonaire admiral tries in desperation to answer his own question: in effect he replies: "This war is but a blood-drunken orgy, we must have an improvement which can only be brought about by a religious revival."

This pronouncement amounts to one of the most distressing effects of this war. A man of Admiral Beatty's calibre and position talking like that! Imagine Nelson talking like that! The British purpose in this war is to kill Germans. The German purpose is to kill Britishers. The universe is sublimely indifferent. "God" does not exist, but the Sphinx does, and it, too, is sublimely indifferent. Human purposes come and go, but the universe goes on for ever—and so has no purpose. An eternity of existence is incompatible with a purpose—the very idea of purpose is dependent upon the so-called instinct of self-preservation and that fact of death. The universe is unkillable and unchangeable and so is fearless and thoughtless; it is everything, it is nothing; it is man's greatest reality and it is his greatest illusion.

W. J. MILES.

After the War.

It is not often that one finds a newspaper devoted to the interests of the dominant class, preaching revolution. The "Scientific American" is such a newspaper, and although its technical information is sometimes inaccurate, its devotion to master-class interests is profound. Witness its violent opposition to the American Seamen's Bill. Yet, in an article on the influence of the war on science on Nov. 27 it says:—

"Social reconstruction will be the predominant interest of Europe for some time after the war. . . . The old system has drifted to disaster. . . . No one who is familiar with Europe at the present time can fail to note on the part of the civil population a grim resolve that after the war this CONTINUAL EXPLOITATION OF THE MANY BY THE FEW shall be ended forever, and, as for the men in the firing line their experience of the utmost realities is not likely to render them more tolerant of the sophistries of politicians."

ANGLO-GERMAN POLITOCRACY.

The war has not abolished the community of master-class interests—not entirely. That fine feeling of good-fellowship among the "heads" still prevails, though it is necessary to indulge in somewhat promiscuous and rancorous propaganda in order to inflame the mind of the common working class. So we find that Sir Ernest Cassel, who was born at Cologne (Germany), in 1852 retains his title and also his Privy Councillorship—no less. Sir Ernest holds the Order of the Crown of Prussia and the Grand Cordon of the Polar Star of Prussia. Also the

he had 'em, he stopped a stranger and asked him to read the "Herald" and tell him if he could see anything about "a library banning German books." When the stranger told him it was there alright he felt sad, and now he is wondering how long it will be before Australia is one great mad house.

C.R.S.

Scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites.

In a war speech in a recent "S.M.H.," Archbishop Kelly, who apparently is an adept at running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, made the following speech: "Unfortunately, there was a tendency in the unrest of industrial classes to take advantage of the war conditions and press claims for higher pay, instead of being grateful for the work which the State and other employers had provided. There was a tendency in some trade unions to so increase the cost of labor as to make it impossible for employers to undertake certain classes of work."

"He (the Archbishop) had his own expression of the tendency of which he was speaking in connection with the work now in progress for the completion of St. Mary's Cathedral."

How sad? Really, if his Grace were not so comic he would look tragic, pretending to play the role of benevolent employer. But as it is he is merely a tragicomic species of greedy self-seeking philanthropist.

We of the working class should be "grateful" to the "State and other employers," who have been so kind and obliging and damned condescending as to provide us with work. Work which this reverend wolf thinks we ought to do for the love of hard graft; and he quite meekly contented with wages which are totally insufficient to provide us and our dear ones with the bare necessities of life. No, Your Grace, we are not grateful to you or any other for work at a rate of wage that only insures continual want and worry. "Grateful!" (O, go home). Your Grace is evidently one of those who pray: "Give us this day our daily bread," and then try to pinch the miserable crust out of your workmen's mouths. You, most reverend wolf in lamb skin, are comfortably and beautifully housed; you have fine clothing, good food, and wines; fine carriages and motors and numerous parasitical attendants. You don't have to toil long hours in all sorts of weather, you do nothing of use to the community on which you live; you have not got an army of little ones around your knees as most of us working-class folks have.

But most of the men of the "industrial class" have a quiver full of little ones, and when they ask for bread we do not want to fling stones at them, which we will be forced to do if we listen to Scribes and Pharisees, who think we should not claim a bit more wages, now or at any time. It would be interesting if the Kelly Gang would tell us to whom we should be "grateful for work," and why we should be grateful. We, the workers, produce all wealth, Your Grace; we produce all the good things which you and your parasitical class enjoy; but we do not get much of this wealth for our own or our dear ones' benefit and enjoyment. You and your parasitical class see to that, most reverend wolf. You and your class never grant our class anything of value, only when we organise and compel you to. "Grateful?" I don't think! It is the loafers, parasites and secretaries in high places and freak costumes who ought to be grateful to the toilers who provide them with all the good things of life.

The dear Archbishop, the saintly preacher of puff puff and patriotic flapdoodle, evidently looks upon the completion of his head-dope shop as of so much importance that workers ought to be "grateful" to him for allowing them to slave long hours in heat and cold, in wet or dry weather for a miserable pittance not enough to keep their bodies in decency. A fine lot to be grateful for, I must say! But then Archbishops, arch-hypocrites and other Pharisees never did care a cuss for the workers' bodies, their chief concern is "souls," and souls can be quite happy, no doubt, in starved bodies.

It would be interesting and satisfying to us workers to see St. Mary's Cathedral completed, and our own homes ruined through insufficient wages to keep them together, and our wives and little children starved into ill-health because we hadn't enough guts to demand a little more of the wealth our class produces.

Your Grace has the chilled-stool cheek to suggest that the completion of your chief dope shop is of more importance than the comfort, health and happiness of our wives and children, our sisters and mothers. You think we ought to give you plenty of cheap labor, and let those who are dependent upon our earnings go on doing without the very necessities of life. Oh, what a noble Christian Your Grace is? Your Grace has the insufferable impertinence to suggest that we should scab on our class and complete your cathedral at the expense of our health and strength.

Really, such kindness almost makes me weep. I have a mind to go down to my

Duke of Cumberland, who actually commands a regiment of the Kaiser's soldiers, and is on active service with them is not to lose his dukedom. Good old Prussian knights! And now, what about Hans Breitmann, who did not hold any of the gorgeous gew-gaws of Prussian royalty, but who slaved on the wharf for a crust, and who reared a family of Australian youngsters and always stood by his union?

D.H.

Parasites.

The drones of the community—they feed On the mechanic's labor; the starving hind For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield Its unshared harvest; and yon squalid form Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes A sunless life in the unwholesome mine, Drags out in labor a protracted death, To glut their grandeur; many faint and toil That few may know the cares and woes of wealth.

Whence, think 'st thou, kings and parasites arose Whence that unnatural line of drones who heap Toil and unvanquished penury On those who build their palaces and bring Their daily bread?

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness The slant of its all enslaving power Upon a shining ore, and calling it gold; Before the image bow the vulgar great, The vainly rich, the miserable proud Even as slaves, by force or famine driven Beneath a vulgar master, to perform A task of cold and brutal drudgery— Hardened to hope, insensible to fear, Mere wheels of work and noisy pomp of trade, That grace the proud and noisy pomp of wealth. —From Shelley's "Queen Mab."

"I have been in politics for a quarter of a century, and I have never yet known the New York press to take the side of the American people in any issue."—W.J. Bryan
The same thing might be said of the daily press of any Australian city by any politician who happened to have a fit of candor.

To the cultivated man or woman the killing of a thousand men is just as much murder as the killing of one.

job on the cathedral about four hours earlier in the morning and keep on working several hours after the usual knock-off time, just for the fun of it, and let you keep my bit of wages for the plate. It hurts me really to have to take that bit of wages from such a generous person as Your Grace. (Sic.) And if I hadn't to pay 18s. 6d. per for a few rooms to shelter the wife and weans, and if the Huns of commerce hadn't put up the price of living out of all proportion to our miserable screws, I have no doubt I would be able to work for nothing a day, so long as you, venerable scribe, would chuck me a blessing occasionally. "It is a laugh!"

I am sure Your Grace's Master, Christ, would not be very proud of his followers if he knew you wanted your cathedral completed with scab labor, or sweated labor. I am sure he would rather see the whole structure tumble down than that it should be built up on the hungry bodies of men, women and children. I am sure that your Master Christ would not like to think you had built a temple in which to sing his praises, every brick and bit of plaster or marble of which carried a hungry toiler's curse, a starving child's moan, a famished wife's and mother's anguished sigh. I am sure your Master Christ would disown you, and turn in scorn from such a temple. I am sure your Master Christ would rather see a city without a cathedral and with happy, well-fed, well-clothed and sheltered people, than a city of churches, archbishops, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, secretaries, and ill-fed, shelterless people. I am also sure that if your Master Christ were to arrive in Sydney with his basket of carpenter's tools over his shoulder that Your Grace would not recognise him unless he could turn the paving stones into gold.

I notice that this portly preacher, whilst bemoaning the increased "cost of labor," makes no mention of the increased cost of living. He does not take into consideration the fact that the cost of living has increased out of all proportion to the few slight increases in wages. To be sure, His Grace, whose chief concern is "souls," the completion of St. Mary's Cathedral, and conscription—would not know about anything so mundane as the high price of necessary commodities; he would not know about anything so sordidly material as the continually increasing price of meat, flour, bread, sugar, rents, etc. It does not worry the portly Archbishop that the Kurds of commerce have turned existence for the vast multitude into a hideous battle for bread. This pious parasite, who wears theatrical costumes is just one of the species of humbug who in time of peace will tell the worker he has "no stake" in the country, yet, when war is declared, the ruling class of which the portly Archbishop is a member, has the cheek to ask us to fight for the country, and to do without the necessities of life at the same time, to fight for a country which does not guarantee us enough to live on in decency.

Archbishop Kelly knows full well this is a ruling-class war, a war that will make dividends assured, and capitalism triumphant for a while longer, and the crushed and toiling masses will pay, pay, pay. Who can measure our contempt for the part the gentlemen of the Kelly type are taking? Who can measure our contempt for these scavengers of a diseased social system. They have mislaid the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," and are trying to outdo their masters of the profit system in their whoop for war, for a fight to a finish, for human blood. They are out-Heroding Herod in sooting the world's wealth producers on to slaughter each other. No matter how unsavoury a morsel the capitalist offers to the worker to swallow, the priests, those snakes of society, covers it with the saliva of superstition, and the majority of poor, fooled, deluded workers gulps it down and is satisfied because the priests, forsooth, says it is right.

Now, most reverend wolf in lamb skin, it is nothing to the burdened and oppressed toilers of this country if your cathedral was never finished, and whatever the cost of its construction has been it did not come out of your pockets or the pockets of your parasitical class, but out of the pockets of the workers, out of the life blood of the toilers. It is a very beautiful cathedral our money and toil has built, but, as far as we and our real wants are concerned, it is as useless as you, reverend wolf, is. It is nothing to us if the cathedral is never finished, but it is much to us that we receive enough to keep our homes together and our dear ones provided for. But if you consider the completion of St. Mary's of so much importance, why not ask your wealthy, well-fed, well-housed pals to put in a bit more of the needful, so as to enable you to give the workers employed thereon a decent wage. Let your wealthy pals put in a bit of the 44 per cent. dividends received from the War Loan, and let them economise and do some of the doing without? Or why not let some of your parasitical hangers on tuck up their sleeves

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production. Distribution and Exchange.

Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.

LUKE JONES.

General Secretary.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Next meeting of the C.E. will be held on Sat. Feb. 19.

LUKE JONES.

Gen. Sec.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Enthusiastic meetings were conducted during the week.

A combined meeting of the I.W.W. and the Socialist Party was held in the Domain in favor of the Broken Hill strikers. The chairman was Peter Larkin, who ably conducted the meeting. Luke Jones, J. Kilburn, Grant, King, and others took part.

A large crowd formed the audience, and showed their entire sympathy with the speakers, the collection being exceptionally large, one of the best taken up in the Domain, £27 being collected.

Considerable enthusiasm was shown, and much literature sold. Special stress was placed upon the lying statements of the capitalist press, and the dispicable tactics of politicians of the William Morris Hughes type—those arch traitors to the labour movement that has placed them in the parasitic position that they hold. The greatest menace to the labour movement are these traitorous leeches, who ostensibly operate in the interests of the labour movement while secretly acting on behalf of the capitalists to keep labour down. Attention was also called to the traitorous attitude of the Trades Hall officials, labour being cursed with this peculiar type of parasite, always ready to use underhand methods to kill militant unionism.

In the hall Luke Jones delivered a successful lecture on "Some Illusions of the War." The hall was packed, and an interesting discussion followed.

FIXTURES FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Sunday, February 13.

Domain—(Chairman, A. Rees; Speakers, Slade, Wyatt Jones, Luke Jones. Park-street—(Chairman, W. Jones; Speakers, Rennell, Highfield.

H. CHRISTOPHERSON, Secretary.

Sunday Evening Lectures.

SOCIALIST HALL, SYDNEY, 369 Pitt-street.

A Lecture will be delivered every Sunday, 8 p.m.

Sunday, February 13.—Comrade Arthur, of Newtown, will lecture.

CONSIDINE ADDRESSES CROWDED AUDIENCE IN SOCIALIST HALL.

Last Sunday evening Considine, the delegate from the striking miners in Broken Hill, delivered a short address in the Socialist Hall in Sydney. He demonstrated that the miners, in their present struggle, have extraordinary difficulties to contend with. In the course of his address, Considine said:

"Labor politicians have been so long in Parliament that they have learnt to do nothing, unless they are forced to do it. There are men like the Labor politicians in the industrial organisations. They will do nothing. They are against us, but they are not prepared to say so because they know the rank and file are with us. It is up to you as individuals to do something to make your organisations help us."

"The Barrier mine owners are charging the Allied Governments double the rates they did before the war. Yet they accuse the miners of disloyalty because they want a Saturday half holiday. The old cry divided the workers on sectarian lines. This is no longer possible, and now the cry of patriotism is put in its place. The capitalists are telling us that wages need readjustment; they are too high in Australia, we are told. But the miners in Broken Hill are prepared to face starvation for their principle. At the present they are fighting for shorter hours, and

and shoulder the hod and use the trowel and chisel?"

I hope Your Grace will not be wrathful over my few remarks, but I hate humbug and detest humbugs, scribes and Pharisees, and hypocrites in high places; also, I have the most supreme contempt for sweaters, particularly those who wear theatrical costume and forget the fifth commandment.

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

Don't forget the Half Crown Fund.

they are determined to get what they want."

The hall was crowded, and the audience showed their appreciation of the miners' stand by a generous reception of Considine's remarks.

MELBOURNE.

Comrade H. Spencer Wood on Sunday, 30th ultimo, lectured on "Current Illusions." He said a greater war was here than the European slaughter—the class struggle. There has been a lot of talk about universal efficiency, and it has been admitted that in the fight between international capitalists, the conflict has been brought about partly by stodgeiness versus science. Those who know, believe that science and modern machinery, with a six hours' working day, will decide the issue regarding industrial efficiency. He analysed the wage system of the British Empire and Germany, and showed the standard of living of the working class of both nations has no difference relatively. There is a definite aim amongst British capitalists to reduce wages. The workers have to produce commodities and of these at present the majority are women. With the introduction of female labour into factories an army of cheap workers is created. When the war is over the standard of subsistence will be reduced in consequence. Whether wages here will be lowered by German occupation or cheap female labour will make no difference to the working class.

At the conclusion of the lecture a resolution was moved and carried unanimously—

"That this meeting of Socialists express their sympathy with the Barrier miners, wishing them success in their fight for a 44 hours' working week, and call upon the Federal Labor Government to show their practical patriotism by confiscating the shares of the mining companies by handing these over to the miners who produce the dividends."

Monday, 31st ult., was a public holiday, when the city saw an outbreak of patriotism, and a procession of scouts, accompanied by discordant brass bands and the usual horde of small boys and flappers. Wet weather prevented our members from holding a seaside picnic, but in the evening the Hall was crowded for a concert organised by our Russian comrades. A dance followed, and was a great success.

On Sunday, 31st ult., at the Yarra Bank one of our Russian comrades got into an argument with a sky pilot, who, being a sky pilot, loves blood and fire and fighting. This black-coated individual is a big, brawny bully, and the high price of beef does not seem to worry him. Being worsted in the argument, the parson declared his tormentor must be a German, but his disgust is indescribable when he learned that the "foreigner" was from the country of one of Britain's noble allies.

The newly elected Executive met on February 1st, when important branch business was dealt with.

Members of the branch are interesting themselves in raising funds towards paying legal expenses of Comrade Wilson's case, to be heard within a few days at one of the local courts. Contributions to the fund will be gladly received and acknowledged by the Executive for the benefit of Comrade Wilson, one of the best in the spread of Socialist propaganda.

It is expected that meetings on the bank on Sundays will be resumed immediately. Our speakers have plenty to say to the working class on the class struggle, and to enlighten wage slaves' minds as to the real cause of what the local capitalist press calls industrial unrest. The apparent ignorance of the Melbourne dailies of what the workers want, would be amusing if it were not so sinister. At present the capitalists' mouthpieces are models of how not to put the workers wise on the industrial outlook. The harassed mother of seven reads in one morning paper that oatmeal is cheaper and more nourishing than good beef and mutton, and the male wage slave is screeched at by the same paper for "threatening" to strike for a few pence more a day, instead of working overtime in the sacred cause of patriotism and the masters' profits.

J. M., Press Correspondent.

BRISBANE.

February 3rd, 1916.

Our first lecture of the season was delivered in Hardgrave Hall by Comrade Quinton.

The night was very stormy, yet despite this a fair crowd assembled to hear a splendidly analytical dissertation on "Militarism." The lecturer emphasised the great outstanding fact, which many Laborites seek to ignore, that despite national slaughter, the class struggle in each belligerent country was being waged more fiercely than ever. The rulers of the Empire did not forget this, and they sought to advantage their position by enforcing conscription. Dealing with this

phase of militarism, Comrade Quinton emphasised the necessity for a united attack upon such a menace to militant labor. Experience had proved conclusively that conscription in Europe had aided in the more complete subjugation of the workers. After the war this weapon would be rigorously applied in order to defeat any attempt by the toilers for greater control. This being so, it was up to all, no matter whether they be political actionists or industrialists, to wage an incessant struggle against conscription.

Militarism as a whole led to the suppression of all that was best in life. The individual was crushed and in its stead we found a mere human automaton. Briefly, the lecturer proved this point, and then in a splendid peroration drew a picture of how, by the application of social ownership to the means of life, it would open up untold possibility for individual development, and its consequent fuller and deeper expression. A brief discussion followed, during which a visitor intimated a keen desire to get in closed touch with our propaganda. He told the audience that in the past he had sought to win out by ignoring every other worker and concentrating on his own puny efforts. The danger of conscription had forced him to take a stand with his fellows, and this was leading him to the recognition of the necessity for social struggle against capitalism as a whole.

Our appeal for Queensland members to get in touch with Brisbane Branch has brought in a few replies, among which, we are glad to note, is one from our old fighting comrade, Arch. Easterabb, who, by the way, enclosed £1 for subs. Now, you Queensland comrades, throw away your pessimism, and assist in the splendid work of emancipation.

Yours stirring,

GEE BEE.

BALMAIN.

The usual propaganda meeting was held here on Sunday night. Comrades Sloan, Nelson and Kilburn were the speakers, who dealt with industrial wars. The speakers demonstrated that the Socialist movement is based upon this fact. It is based upon the class struggle between the working class and the capitalist class. The term "class struggle" sounds harsh to those who have never heard it before. Gentle natures would prefer not to have any class struggle, but we have to deal with facts, instead of wishes.

Questions were asked and dealt with.

GEORGE NELSON,

Secretary.

NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Branch Rooms, 41 Enmore road, Newtown.

Economic and Debating Class held every Wednesday night.

Dancing Class held every Monday night.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

Saturday: Chair, W. Gays. Speakers, F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

Sunday: Chair, W. Gays. Speakers, F. Hancock, A. Kilburn.

RAY EVERITT,

Secretary.

AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurradah Road, Auburn.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

A. SCHOFIELD, Sec.

25 St. Helliers Road, Auburn.

Social and Dance.

A SOCIAL AND DANCE WILL BE HELD

Every Friday Night

AT THE

SOCIALIST HALL.

369 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

ADMISSION 6d.

"A Fool's Talk" by H. E. BOOTE, is now in stock, price 3s. 6d. By post 3s. 9d.

Printed and published by William Robert Winspear, at 115 Goulburn St., Sydney, for the Sydney Branch of the Australasian Socialist Party.